Were red hotte ſteele to ſeare me to the braine,
Annointed let me be with deadly poyſon,
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſaue the Queene.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enuie not thy glorie,
To feede my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as *I* followed Henries courſe,
When ſcarce the blood was well waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other angell husband,
And that dead ſaint, which then *I* weeping followed,
O, when I ſay, *I* lookt on Richards face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth *I* accurſt,
For making me ſo yong, ſo old a widow.
And when thou wedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be ſo badde
As miſerable by the death of thee,
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe, euen I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans heart
Croſly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the ſubiects of my own ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept my eyes from ſleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden deaw of ſleepe,
But haue beene waked by his timerous dreames,
Beſides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, *I* pittie thy complaints.
Dut. Glo. No more thē from my ſoule *I* mourne for yours.
Qu. Farewell, thou wofull welcomer of glorie.
Dut. Glo. Adue poore ſoule, thou takſt thy leaue of it.
Du. Yor. Go thou to Richmōd, & good fortun guide thee.
Go thou to Richard, and good *Angels* guard thee.
Go thou to ſanctuarie, good thoughts poſſeſſe thee.
I to my graue where peace and reſt lie with me,
Eightie odde yeares of ſorrow haue *I* ſeene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The

The Trumpets ſound, Enter Richard cro
ham, Catesby, with other

King. Stand all apart, Coſen of *Buc*
Giue me thy hand:
Thus high by thy aduice
And thy aſſiſtance is king Richard ſeat
But ſhall we weare theſe honors for a d
Or ſhall they laſt, and we reioyce in th
Buc. Still liue they, and for euer may
Kin. Ri. O Buckingham, now *I* do
To trie if thou be currant gold in deed:
Yong Edward liues: thinke now what
Buc. Say on my gratious ſoueraigne.
Kin. Why Buckingham, I ſay *I* woul
Buc. Why ſo you are my thrice renow
Kin. Ha: am *I* king? tis ſo, but Edw
Buc. True noble Prince.
King. O bitter conſequence,
That Edward ſtil ſhould liue true nobl
Coſen, thou wert not wont to be ſo dul
Shall I be plaine? *I* wiſh the baſtards d
And *I* would haue it ſuddenly perform
What ſaiſt thou? ſpeake ſuddenly, be b
Buc. Your Grace may do your pleaſ
Kin. Tut, tut, thou art all ye, thy kin
Say, haue *I* thy conſent that they ſhall c
Buc. Giue me ſome breath, ſome littl
Before I poſitiuely ſpeake herein:
I will reſolue your Grace immediatly.
Cat. The king is angry, ſee, he bites t
King. I will conuerſe with iron wit
And vnreſpectiue boyes, none are for
That looke into me with conſiderate ey
Boy, high reaching *Buckingham* grow
Boy. Lord.
King. Knowſt thou not any whom c

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